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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

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To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE kind reception which you gave to my letter of November laſt, makes me take the liberty of ſending you ſome farther anecdotes of my family.

As my grandfather, Sir JOSIAH PUMPKIN, had made a conſiderable figure in king Charles's court, his only ſon RALPH, my honoured father, was no leſs conſpicuous for his valour, towards the latter end of king William's reign. Although the race of kings was changed, the laws of HONOUR ſtill remained the ſame. But my grandfather had retired with his family to Pumpkin-hall, about a year and a half before the revolution, much diſcontented with the times, and often wiſhing that judge Somebody (I forget his name) had been

been a militia colonel, that he might have run him through the body, or have cut off one of his cheeks with a broad ſword. In the ſame ſtrain he frequently wiſhed FATHER PETERS a life-guard-man, that he might have caned him before the court-gate of White-hall. "Theſe fellows, ſaid he, put me in mind of "murderers in popiſh countries, who, if they run into "a church after cutting a throat, are ſecured from all "danger of puniſhment. Our Engliſh ruffians too are "frequently ſafe, if they can but ſhew a lawyer's gown, "or a prieſt's cowl." My grandmother, lady PUMPKIN, was a prudent woman, and, not without ſome difficulty, perſuaded Sir JOSIAH to content himſelf with drinking conſtant bumpers of proſperity to the church and ſtate, without fighting DUELS or breaking heads, in defence of the Britiſh conſtitution. Indeed he might well be content with the glory he had obtained, having been once ſhot through the leg, and carrying the marks of ſeven and twenty wounds in different parts of his body, all boldly acquired by ſingle combats, in defence of nominal liberty, and real loyalty, during king Charles the ſecond's reign.

MY father was returned for a borough in Wales, in the ſecond parliament of king William. This drew him every winter to London; and he never took his leave of Sir JOSIAH without receiving a ſtrict command, to do ſome brave act becoming a man of honour and a PUMPKIN. As he was remarkably an obedient ſon, and indeed as we were all, not only as PUMPKINS, but as old Britons, very choleric and fiery, my father ſcarce ever returned home without ſome glorious atchievement, the heroiſm of which generally reached Pumpkin-hall before the hero. Of his ſeveral exploits, give me leave only

only to mention three; not ſo much in regard to his honour, as that they carry in them ſome particular and remarkable circumſtances.

THERE was an intimacy between my father and major JOHN DAVIS of the foot guards. Their firſt acquaintance and friendſhip had begun when the major was quartered at a market town near Pumpkin-hall. Their regards had continued towards each other with the greateſt ſtrictneſs for ſeveral years; when one day at dinner with a large company at a tavern, my father jocularly in diſcourſe ſaid, "Ah Major! Major! you "ſtill love to ride the fore-horſe." Alluding to his deſire of being foremoſt in all parties of pleaſure. Major DAVIS immediately changed colour, and took the earlieſt opportunity of calling Mr. PUMPKIN aſide, and demanding ſatisfaction. My father aſked for what? The major made no reply, but by drawing his ſword. They fought, and the major was ſoon diſarmed. "Now, "JACK," ſays my father, "pray tell me what we "fought for?" "Ah RALPH," replied the major, "why "did you reproach me with having been a poſtilion? It "is true I was one; but by what means did you know "it? and when you did know it, why would you hint "it to the company, by ſaying, that I ſtill loved to ride "the fore-horſe?" My father proteſted his ignorance of the fact, and conſequently his innocence of intending any affront. The two friends were immediately reunited as ſtrongly as before; and the major ever afterwards was particularly cautious how he diſcovered his original, or blindly followed the folly of his own ſuſpicions.

ONE of my father's tavern-companions, captain SHADOW, who was very young, very giddy, and almoſt as weak in body as in mind, challenged him on a ſuppoſed affront, in not receiving the return of a bow which

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he had made to my father in the playhouſe. They were to fight in Hyde-park; but as the captain was drawing his ſword with the fierceſt indignation, it luckily occurred to his thoughts that the provocation might poſſibly have been undeſigned, or if otherwiſe, that the revenge he had meditated was of too cruel and bloody a nature, he therefore begged pardon of his adverſary, and made up the affair.

I WISH this had been the laſt of my father's combats, but he was unhappily engaged in a duel with a French officer, who had taken the wall of him, and in that duel he received a wound, which, after throwing him ſeveral months into a languiſhing miſerable condition, at laſt proved fatal by ending in a mortification. He bore his long illneſs with amazing fortitude; but often expreſſed an abhorrence of theſe polite and honourable murders; and wiſhed that he might have lived ſome years longer, only to have ſhewn that he durſt not fight.

I LEAVE you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to make your moral reflections on theſe ſeveral ſtories; but I cannot conclude my letter without giving you an account of the only DUEL in which my poor dear huſband, Mr. SOLOMON MUZZY, was engaged; if a man may be ſaid to be engaged who was ſcarce ever awake.

MR. MUZZY was very fat, and extremely lethargic. To be ſure, he had courage ſufficient for a major general; but he was not only unweildy, but ſo lethargically ſtupid, that he fell aſleep even in muſical aſſemblies, and ſnored in the playhouſe, as bad, poor man! as he uſed to ſnore in his bed. However, having received many taunts and reproaches from my grandfather (who was become by age very tart and peeviſh) he reſolved to challenge his own couſin german by the mother's ſide, brigadier TRUNCHEON of Soho-Square. It ſeems the perſon challenged fixes upon the place

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and weapons. TRUNCHEON, a deep-ſighted man, choſe Primroſe-hill for the field of battle, and ſwords for the weapons of defence. To avoid ſuſpicion and to prevent a diſcovery, they were to walk together from Piccadilly, where we then lived, to the ſummit of Primroſe-hill. TRUNCHEON's ſcheme took effect. Mr. MUZZY was much fatigued and out of breath with the walk. However, he drew his ſword; and, as he aſſured me himſelf, began to attack his couſin TRUNCHEON with a valour which muſt have charmed my grandfather, had he been preſent. The brigadier went back; Mr. MUZZY purſued; but not having his adverſary's alacrity, he ſtopped a little to take breath. He ſtopped alas! too long: his lethargy came on with more than ordinary violence: he firſt dozed, as he ſtood upon his legs, and then beginning to nod forwards, dropt by degrees upon his face in a moſt profound ſleep. TRUNCHEON, baſe man! took this opportunity to wound my huſband as he lay ſnoring on the ground; and he had the cunning to direct his ſtab in ſuch a manner, as to make it ſuppoſed that Mr. MUZZY had fled, and in his flight had received a wound in the moſt ignominious part of his body. You will aſk what became of the ſeconds? They were both killed upon the ſpot; but being only two ſervants, the one a butler, the other a cook, they were buried the ſame night; and by the power of a little money properly applied, no farther enquiry was ever made about them.

Mr. MUZZY, wounded as he was (the blood trickling from him in great abundance) might probably have ſlept upon that ſpot for many hours, had not he been awakened by the cruel bites of a maſtiff. The dog began firſt to lick his blood, and then tearing his cloaths,